The
Commonweal

June 13, 1941

A Woman of Stone

ERIC GILL

The Four Freedoms Ride Again

FRANK CULLEN BROPHY

Civil Service and The TWU

E HAROLD SMITH

VOLUME XXXIV 10c NUMBER 8

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Pius XII and Leo XIII

COMMENTS in the secular press tended to focus attention on political interpretations of the Pope's radio message on the fiftieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum.* The papers rightly assumed that their readers wanted to know what His Holiness had to say about the war, the Hitler "new order," the nazi-fascist concept of society. The press cited a number of the principles outlined which clearly condemn many totalitarian aims and activities. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the remarks about opening up unused lands for settlement and about the benefits of immigration and resettlement were directed primarily at the United States. As a whole the talk was an impassioned exhortation to all the faithful to fulfill their "moral obligation to cooperate in the arrangement of society and especially of economic life. . . . Is this not a sacred duty of every Christian," to "create social conditions which alone are capable of making possible and feasible for all a life worthy of man and of a Christian?" Pius XII cited the monks who cultivated the soil, the men who freed the slaves, those who healed the sick, those who spread the Faith, civilization and science, as testimony of the glorious Christian tradition of ameliorating social conditions in every age. One of the most striking sections of the address said that private property, the free interchange of material goods and state regulations on material goods were subordinate to "the first and fundamental right which concedes their use to all men." The speech reasserted the inviolability and sacredness of the human person as against the excessive claims of the totalitarian state. In order to secure for the family unit the self-dependence which is essential for the well-being of society as a whole, Pius XII demanded "vital space" for the individual family and therefore redistribution of the world's arable lands. The social principles enunciated fifty years ago to protect the workingman from inhuman individualism in industry now serve as a basis for establishing justice, order and peace among the nations.

A Round at Chess

IT MUST be embarrassing to so proud a nation as Japan to find itself being used as a pawn in someone else's chess game. Obviously Hitler has hoped that Japanese threats against us in the Far East might deflect our interest from the Battle of Britain, and with our interest, our material help. So far the gambit has gained him very little. The most the Japanese can claim is to have made it harder for us to undertake Atlantic convoys. And Mr. Hull has been working out a gambit of his own. It has included: the President's heartening reference to "the magnificent strength of China," the encouragement (unofficial) of the China National Aviation Corporation, which supplies air "convoys" for Chiang Kai-shek's life-line along the Burma Road, and finally the promise to Foreign Minister Quo Tai-Chi that the US would abandon extraterritoriality in China after the war is over. If Japan threatens us with a move toward the Dutch East Indies and Singapore, we also threaten her by helping her most active enemy. Nor have the Indies proved to be Japan's Balkans, acceding at once to suggestions of "cooperation."

Merely upon a basis of self-interest, Japan's wisest policy would, for geographical if for no other reasons, be precisely that expounded by Mr. Hull: "nondiscrimination and equality of opportunity in commercial relations and reciprocal interchange in the field of cultural developments." It is on such a policy, strongly suggested to her in the first instance by Commodore Perry, that Japan has built her material greatness, and there are still plenty of Japanese civilians who favor it as the only means whereby that greatness can continue. But the military don't like it. It would make Japan our ally and an enemy of Hitler's New Order. This conflict between politics and commercial self-interest is undoubtedly at the root of Japanese hesitancy to play Hitler's game to the full, and also makes Far Eastern events so largely unpredictable. One factor must never be forgotten (though it often is). The US has a Pacific

fleet; the nearest German army is half a world away from Japan. Yet this might prove less deterrent if German victories keep piling up.

The Problem of Peace

AS THE WAR goes on, the urgency with which people try to look beyond the war grows greater. Peace aims become an increasingly important element of war strength itself. Government leaders must distinguish ever more sharply what they consider the legitimate aspiration for peace from a breakdown of morale leading to capitulation. Special activity in the Axis camp, involving prolonged German conversations with Vichy and a new Brenner meeting, may lead to a clearer picture of Hitler's idea of a new order in Europe, as well as to some new gigantic aggression. The Germans, however well they have been sustained by triumphs, have still been on the march long enough to stimulate a yearning for settlement, and their cities and men are also falling. In the fulfillment of his duty to advance principles for a just peace, the Pope has enlarged upon the criteria he set before the world when it was going down into this war. Also this week we have called attention to Secretary Hull's statement on extraterritoriality in China, which has great potentialities in the post-war colonial settlement.

The speech Anthony Eden gave after President Roosevelt's radio address has been viewed widely as a statement on England's war aims. It would not be just to treat the Eden speech, however, as the mature plan of the British government, since it is very tentative and very vague, and indicates principally that the English are maintaining their tradition of political empiricism, still willing to support the war as a defensive necessity which requires no elaborate justification through blueprints of the future. Eden's speech, couched in terms of past years, presented only two ideas that could be considered revolutionary. One is that intimate American collaboration will be necessary for a tolerable settlement of Europe. The other, whose meaning could be extremely revolutionary but whose wording was very vague, is that every European nation will have to put up a part of its wealth in a common pool to help pull the continent out of its post-war poverty. The British Labor Party convention, voting overwhelmingly for war to victory, adopted a war memorandum from which the papers took four points: the world is to be recognized as a single economic unit; unemployment, slumps and property are to be recognized as international problems; there is to be international economic planning; there is "no road to enduring peace save by growing acceptance of socialist principles." Everyone knows that all these peace aims are subject to the development of the war and the circumstances of its conclusion. An increasingly serious attempt to clarify peace terms is nevertheless necessary to keep the war from ending in utter chaos.

Hemispheric Trade

IN THE remote past, in Europe, before the war, a constantly renewed attempt was made through conferences, diplomacy and exhortation to ameliorate trade relations as an obvious condition for international stability and peace. For a wonderful variety of reasons these negotiations never were successful. For one thing, the interests of any one sovereign state prevented its acceding to the claims and necessities of any other. Moreover, with every sovereign state armed and threatening war either directly or through its position in a constellation of alliances, the discussions could be serious and technical only at the cost of being academic and futile.

In this hemisphere the conditions under which we are currently discussing trade relations with South America are very different. Our neighbors to the south have never been in a position to threaten us with war. In spite of our economic and, at times, political interference in their affairs, they know that war is not the instrument of pressure with which we menace them at present. Any threat of that sort to both North and South America comes now from without. In the interests of their national defense as of our own, the time has come when it seems obvious that all Americans should seek how best to put the resources of the hemisphere at the service of the men who inhabit it.

It will be of absorbing interest to see whether under these unusually favorable conditions a real step forward can be made toward organizing this hemisphere into an organic unit. Can any serious move toward this ideal be made without harming the particular interests of special groups within the nations? Can the inevitable opposition of these groups be prevented from limiting the various governments to the hackneyed routine of trade agreements? So long as inter-American trade relations are conceived as temporary measures to to fight Hitler, replace lost European trade and bolster the several nationalistic economies of the countries involved, no attempt to improve them can lead us anywhere, toward any future distinguishable from the incompetent past.

Lou Gehrig

BASEBALL, the first and lasting love of Americans, has produced colorful and astonishing figures, many of whom have worked their way into our very vocabulary. In Lou Gehrig, however, the formula was a little different. His performance on the diamond is of course what ranks him among baseball's great; but it was probably something in his character that endeared him especially to the fans, as it certainly won him the unwavering

respect, often the love, of teammates and sports writers. His mere record is amazing enough. The nonpareil among first-basemen, he was a good deal more besides. Even in the shadow of the great Ruth, his Yankee colleague for years, he forced recognition as one of the hitters of all time. Only Ruth and Foxx have topped his home-run figure of 494; and his general batting average was .340; his world series record has two peaks that are almost fabulous—.529 and .545. His dependability was a legend. When he laid down his bat in 1939, under stress of the sickness which has now killed him, he had played 2,130 consecutive games; that is, from the time he was first sent to bat, as a pinch-hitter, by the Yankees in 1925, until he stopped playing altogether, he had never missed a game. "The Iron Man," the fans called him. And besides epic durability, he had the kind of character parents are pleased to have their boys admire, and in addition, the graces of diffidence and gratitude. Professional baseball, which is a commercial business, decent enough but not perhaps a school of *noblesse oblige,* is lucky to be able to offer the public this sterling figure as its representative.

Forum

I HAVE BEEN so thoroughly disheartened over THE COMMONWEAL's inability to distinguish light from darkness that I gave up any attempt to influence its policy. But the May 16 issue waked me up again, for THE COMMONWEAL, immersed in its own bog of uncertainty and half hidden back of a formless smoke screen, now snipes at people with opinions.

The latest such venture, in the May 16 issue, is against *PM* which, whether you agree with it or not, must be recognized as a bold and resolute paper. The attack opens on the high plane of a smear. But that hardly serves to camouflage the rather aimless argumentation that follows. I do not know anything personally about the background of the *PM* staff. Many or all may have been communists for all I care. What I do know is that they are not communists now and that they take a stand for justice, the rights of man, the Christian duty to defend society against barbarism, which THE COMMONWEAL might well envy. . . . Since that is so exactly what THE COMMONWEAL should be doing itself. It is true, also, that most Americans read and listen to men who have been wrong and have changed their ways (if there be any such on *PM*), men who take a strong stand rather than men who have never made up their minds about anything at all.

It *is* true, as you say, that the libel which connects the Catholic Church with fascism is by no means dead and you are doing very little to bring about its demise. Pius XI condemned nazism. Pius XII has laid down peace terms which cannot be realized so long as the totalitarian poison remains active anywhere. A few of our bishops and a growing number of priests and laymen are outspoken for the defeat of Hitler, but, so far as THE COMMONWEAL indicates, there is no reason to believe that we cannot be just as merry under Hitler as under any other form of government. There is no use in your pointing to numbers in which you may have called Hitler names. That is not what I mean. One is either for Hitler or against him. If one is against him one cannot help but advocate doing something about it. You write that you do not believe war is the way to overcome fascism, but no individual has the right to refuse to defend his fellowman and the society to which he belongs, nor has any group such a right. When the alternative is the dehumanization of man, the loss of freedom, family life, Christianity itself, it will not do to say we don't believe in war. As Catholics we are bound to admit that there are things worse than suffering and death. We face those things now—yet you are neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm.

It is your attitude, not that of *PM,* which keeps the "libel" alive. I say that in all sincerity as the result of much thought and after many months' work with people of all races and creeds in connection with the vital issue of war or peace. I was also privileged to discuss certain matters concerning the *PM* articles to which you object with those who wrote and issued them. It was done, as they said, by Catholics on the staff. Men and women who believed they were doing their faith a good turn and did it for that purpose. Personally, I agree with them. WILLIAM M. AGAR.

THE EDITORIAL to which Mr. Agar objects took account of a feature which *PM* ran, underlining the detestation Catholics have of fascism and sharply dissociating the Church from fascism. The editorial expressed gratitude to *PM* for its good job in doing this. In addition, it found two aspects of *PM's* feature of special interest for COMMONWEAL readers.

(1) *PM* ran the feature. It would not be of much interest if a publication like THE COMMONWEAL once again made a point of separating the Church from fascism, because THE COMMONWEAL has done so repeatedly. It is *PM's* character which made its action in so doing interesting. What Mr. Agar calls a "smear" is a description, short and impressionistic since no great time and space was available, but so far as I still know factual. I believe that COMMONWEAL readers would gather from the description, which was not a moral judgment nor an "attack," a fair view of those characteristics of *PM* which are pertinent to the discussion. The aspects of *PM* which enter

into the argument are only these two: It is what is roughly called "somewhat left of liberal" with a tone that is reminiscent of the kind of publication which COMMONWEAL readers have long been accustomed to find attacking the Church as being tied up with the fascists. So far as I know, *PM* has never attacked the Church, and now this new positive pattern of dealing favorably with Catholicism in relation to fascism appears interesting and perhaps significant.

(2) The tendency of *PM's* thirteen page spread can be called to mind by using sentences from Mr. Agar: "One is either for Hitler or against him. . . ." *PM* showed with overwhelming force, for which the editorial expressed genuine gratitude, the fact that Catholics are against fascism or "Hitler." ". . . If one is against him, one cannot help but advocate doing something about it." The editorial claimed that *PM,* in the same fashion as Mr. Agar, presented the case so that the necessary and inevitable "something" is in fact quite simply American entry into the war along the lines of *PM's* policy of American intervention or of the policy of the Fight for Freedom committee.

The editorial denied absolutely that Catholic opposition to fascism can thus be identified with any such war policy for the US.

It denied that detestation by Catholics of fascism (*PM*) or Hitler (Mr. Agar) is by necessary corollary, as it were, by definition, "support of *PM's* war policy." There are two ways and two ways only to argue logically against this proposition put forward by THE COMMONWEAL editorial.

One way is by a judgment of motive and heart, by claiming that a Catholic who doesn't support the war policy does not sincerely detest fascism or Hitler. Whatever one would think of this method of argumentation under ordinary circumstances, it is impossible to use it in this instance. The fact is that, in order to build up the picture of Catholic detestation of fascism (which is a true picture), *PM* cites, among others, American Catholics who have opposed US entry into the war. *PM* would be convicted of dishonesty on its own evidence if it utilized, in order to build up its case, material which it judges itself to be untrue.

The second method of countering the denial stated in the editorial would be to judge the religious faith of the anti-fascist Catholics who do not support *PM's* war policy, and to assert that their faith is bogus. This method, of course, would result in the same contradiction as the first.

The editorial to which Mr. Agar objects may thus be shown to make these points: (a) Catholicism and fascism are not to be identified (Cheers for *PM!*); (b) Catholic leaders detest fascism (Cheers for *PM!*); (c) but this separation and detestation nevertheless does not involve by definition or necessity support of *PM's* policy of intervention; the proposition, the US ought to get right into the middle of this war, is not an article of Catholic Faith (Boo to *PM!*).

There is a constant tendency to weld some sort of political policy on the body of Catholics in such a way that what is temporal politics is mistaken by the world as an integral, final part of the Catholic religion. A few years ago, many people outside the Church and some within were engaged in branding our religion with the totalitarian scar of aggressive fascism. THE COMMONWEAL struggled against that. Now many people are turning the same heat upon the same transcendent faith to mark it essentially with a particular, temporal, social-economic-political-military policy of total American war action now. The struggle against this falsification also seems to me imperative.

The question of the correctness for these particular times and circumstances of American interventionism does not here arise. One of the evident dangers of a supreme time of stress like the present is that issues which ought not be suppressed are overwhelmed by the reasons and passions of debates which are of less fundamental importance to mankind. Unfortunately, people read and listen to men who are wrong as well as to those who have been wrong and have changed their ways.

I am one of those who feel that it is still better for this country to pursue another policy than all-out war. Millions of Americans still share this position while we fully desire that fascism and Hitler's rule be made to fall. (Neither the editorial under attack nor any other I recall made a general statement—which would be so universal, and presumptuous in judging the problems of other countries and circumstances—that the writers "do not believe war is the way to overcome fascism.") Mr. Agar's position favoring US entry into the midst of the war he has upheld with a consistency and sincerity which I admire and respect very deeply and with the greatest possible sincerity. I know and have read in THE COMMONWEAL that he has had "many months of work . . . in connection with the vital issue of war. . . ." So likewise have *PM* and many other groups who take that perfectly intelligible view. They are very hot and very positive on the issue of war. I am not aware of their work for peace. On the issue of peace their viewpoint appears in public negative. Compared to all-out war, any other conceivable policy for the US must of course appear pale and negative in tangible action and emotional force. It is the nature of war that it is supreme in the field.

Whatever policy may be correct from the viewpoint of a conclusive wisdom which is very frankly beyond my powers, and no matter what policy I might want myself, I would still feel it proper to support that editorial on *PM* and fight tendencies to identify the Catholic religion itself with transient political policy and action.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

A Woman of Stone *

A carver of inscriptions makes his first attempt at carving "life."

By **Eric Gill**

FROM THE YEAR 1903, when I got my first inscription job, to the year 1909 I had done nothing whatever in the way of earning my living except by lettering and, as I have explained, it did not occur to me to do otherwise. Apart from work actually done for money (i.e., bread and butter) I did a certain amount of architectural drawing. I spent a week at Chartres in 1907 and again in 1909 and drew the cathedral, and I'm proud to say that a large drawing of the north transept is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum—a very good place for painstaking efforts of that sort—not a "picture" of the cathedral but as nearly as my eye could make it, a stone for stone record of its structure.[1] And at odd times and places I did sketches and drawings of buildings and landscapes—close-ups of flowers and trees and what not. But one thing I never did and that was drawings or carvings of animals or humans.

I don't know why I kept "the life," animal or human, in such a completely watertight compartment. I can't imagine why I was so frightened of it. I found naturalistic drawing of flowers or landscape equally terrifying and equally outside my powers. But in the case of inanimate nature my inability didn't worry me or put me off. If I couldn't draw flowers as they *appeared*—in light and shade and with all their proper colors altered and, as it seemed to me, a mess of irrelevancies and accidents, well, why draw them as they appear? Why not draw them, or try to draw them as they more or less *are*. Other people might be very clever at drawing the appearances of things and I appreciated their talent without coveting it. But the sort of flower drawing you find in ancient herbals or eighteenth-century colored prints was the kind I really liked and the kind I really wanted to do. And it can be done. It's a matter of time and trouble—that's all. To give enough time and to take enough trouble means of course that you've got to have an overmastering appetite for the job; but it was not necessary to possess some special and peculiar talent, such as you have to possess to draw naturalistically. In fact if you *want* to draw heraldically, so to call it by way of distinction, *there is nothing to stop you.* You've got to *understand* the thing you are drawing, its physical structure and proportion, and your drawing is a communication of that understanding, a communication and a monument or memorial. The other people aren't so much drawing *things,* still less are they *making* things, they are drawing the effects of things—putting on paper or canvas and in between the four walls of a picture frame a record of emotion, of the effects things have on them. Well, let them. They don't hinder me from drawing my herbals or my architecural records, so why worry? But why not take the same happy and carefree line of argument in the matter of animals and humans? What absurd reverence for naturalism prevented me in one case and not in the other? Why did I not even try?

I suppose the explanation is easy enough to find. The water tight compartment is not merely an art school convention, though it is very strong in that place. In fact the art school only reflects and reinforces the conventions existing outside. The sentimental, emotional, naturalistic, selfish view of life drawing which prevails in the art school is only the counterpart of the sentimental, emotional, naturalistic, selfish view of life itself which prevails in the world outside. I had been brought up in that view of life, and had come to repudiate it, as I have tried to show; but I did not immediately see all the implications of that repudiation. I wanted to achieve an integration of all things but had not yet come to see that man was not only not integrated in himself but was not integrated with the world he lived in. . . .

This is all very difficult and if my job were to place before the reader a convincing philosophy or theology, I should somehow have to set to and

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* Excerpt from the late Eric Gill's autobiography, to be published June 21 in the United States by Devin-Adair ($3.00).

[1] In passing I should like to say that, except for the week I spent in Paris in 1903 when I was painting the lettering on W. H. Smith & Son's new shop in the Rue de Rivoli, the only time I had ever been in a foreign country before was when, in the spring of 1906, not ever having had a honeymoon (and I think that was one of the good things about our marriage—that we started off in our very own bed in our very own home), we thought it would be a good idea to expend a £20 prize I had won from the L.C.C. Central School for a certain inscribed slab on two tickets to Rome. We went on a Cook's Tour—and I learnt about women from 'er, in a manner of speaking. Although the mistress came with me, it was a strictly professional visit and I spent the brief six days of our stay carefully looking at inscriptions ancient and modern—from a lettercutter's and signwriter's point of view. On Easter Sunday morning we went to St. Peter's High Mass—but we weren't interested in that, and the place was bung full and we couldn't see a thing, so we came out again . . . and went to Tivoli, where we didn't see the waterfall.

arrange my arguments in proper order, and I should have to begin at the beginning. But that would be a quite different book and one I am not in the least competent to write. Fortunately my job, though difficult enough, is not so difficult as that. I have only got to place in more or less correct order the various phases of my emergence from complete sleep to partial awakeness and to describe the nature of the successive shocks which aroused me. So it is, fortunately, not necessary to make any attempt to convert the reader; I have not got to argue with him but only to tell him. And the thing to be told at this place is that by reason of an apparently irrelevant happening I broke through the inhibition and started a stone carving of a young woman. The irrelevant happening was the comparative continence caused by the approaching birth of our youngest daughter. In the absurd refinement of our puritanical civilization these things aren't talked about, so I have very little idea as to what goes on in the minds or bodies of my fellow-men, and practically none at all as to what goes on in the minds of those whom I may call my fellow-women, but this book, though necessarily more or less absurd, need not be refined. So I am at liberty to say that as I couldn't have all I wanted in one way I determined to see what I could do about it in another—I fashioned a woman of *stone*.

Up to that time, I had never made what is called an "erotic" drawing of any sort and least of all in so laborious a medium as stone. And so, just as on the first occasion when, with immense planning and scheming, I touched my lover's lovely body, I insisted on seeing her completely naked (no peeping between the uncut pages, so to say), so my first erotic drawing was not on the back of an envelope but a week's work on a decent piece of hard stone. I say this seems praiseworthy, and so it is. But I give God the praise and am as duly thankful as a self-conscious human being can be. I don't think it was a very good carving and in spite of all I have said, no one would guess the fervors which conditioned its making. But there it was; it was a carving of a naked young woman and if I hadn't very much wanted a naked young woman, I don't think I should ever have done it. Lord, how exciting!—and not merely touching and seeing but actually making her. I was responsible for her very existence and her every form came straight out of my heart. A new world opened before me. My Lord! can't you see it? Lettercutting—a grand job, and as grand as ever—the grandest job in the world. What could be better? If you've never cut letters in a good piece of stone, with hammer and chisel, you can't know. And this new job was the same job, only the letters were different ones. A new alphabet—the word was made flesh.

I showed the stone carving to a friend in London—my dear Count Kessler, who had been my friend and patron for some years in the lettering business, and he showed it to another friend and patron, the equally dear Roger Fry. To my innocent astonishment they took it extremely seriously and what I, in spite of the enthusiasm which I had put into it, thought a very amateurish piece of work, they instantly hailed as a sort of baby angel announcing a new incarnation. All this was right over my head. I didn't know what they were talking about. I wasn't an art critic or an art connoisseur. I knew nothing about the art movements of Europe. In my own opinion I wasn't even an artist. I was a lettercutter with a mission for propagating good news about lettering and craftsmanship. And the lettercutter had made an experiment in stone carving and what more was there than that? I didn't see any more, but the result of their enthusiasm was that instead of being shut up, as I might have been, and rather expected to be, and told to go home and not do it again, I went home very much "bucked" and determined to do it again as often as possible.

Why did they approve?

Now, in view of what I have said above about my inability to draw naturalistically, and in view of the fact that my little stone woman was, to my eye very unlike nature—in spite of the fact that all the time I was carving her I was trying exceedingly hard to get her as "correct" as possible, the approval of my London friends seemed to me somewhat inexplicable. If she was as bad as I thought, how could she be as good as they seemed to think? I trusted their opinion (after all they were eminent critics, so they ought to know) and I also trusted my own. How could the contradiction be reconciled? It took me a long time to find the answer, but I found it in the end. I discovered that my inability to draw naturalistically was, instead of a drawback, no less than my salvation. It compelled me, quite against my will and without my knowledge, to concentrate upon something other than the superficial delights of fleshly appearance. It compelled me to consider the significance of things rather than their charm.

One might have made the same concentration in the medium of pencil or paint, but I couldn't do that because a thousand people were making drawings and I couldn't, as it seemed to me, hope to emulate their successes. But, and this was my extraordinary luck, not one single person was doing stone carving! This sounds incredible but it is a fact, and therefore there was nothing with which to compare my amateurish efforts and therefore nothing to put me to shame! No one was doing stone carving—nobody except the trade stone carvers and they, sad to say, didn't count. They didn't count because they were only poor hacks copying Gothic or Classic or Chinese, or

whatever they were paid to copy (and damned expert they were) and they weren't making it up out of their heads, still less out of their hearts and even less out of their loins. No one was doing stone carving—except a few arts and crafts people and they seemed content to do arts and crafts flowers and arts and crafts animals . . . and except that really good old man Stirling Lee and he wasn't really a stone carver but a Royal Academy *modeller* who refrained from employing a "pointing machine."[1] For stone carving properly speaking isn't just doing things in stone or turning things into stone, a sort of petrifying process; stone carving is *conceiving* things in stone and conceiving them as made by *carving*. They are not only born but conceived in stone; they are of stone in their inmost being as well as their outermost existence. That's where I was lucky. I'd only been doing masonry and letter cutting. I had no ideas about the human figure save those discovered in bed or in the bedroom. I had no real idea what things *looked* like; I only knew what I loved in them. And I was quite competent with hammer and chisel. So instead of being like an art student and knowing a hell of a lot about what things look like and precious little about making anything, I knew practically nothing about appearances, a decent lot about loving, and enough about making. Well, that's fine!

So all without knowing it I was making a little revolution. I was reuniting what should never have been separated: the artist as man of imagination and the artist as workman. And, as I say, I had the great advantage of having no art school training. I really was like the child who said "first I think and then I draw my think"—in contrast with the art student who must say: "first I look and then I draw my look." Of course the art critics didn't believe it. How could they? They thought I was just putting up a stunt—being archaic on purpose. Whereas the real and complete truth was that I was completely ignorant of all their art stuff and was childishly doing my utmost to copy accurately in stone what I saw in my head—with reference from time to time to the mirror (if I couldn't remember how many toes I had, or what happened to your shoulder if you held your arms up and such like conundrums) or to my friends and relations or whoever was willing to take his or her clothes off.

But I didn't do much of that and very little life drawing—and, in fact, none at all in the sense understood in art schools, except once and once only, when I hired a model for a day in the room in Lincoln's Inn which I still shared with my brother so as to have a place of call in London. But that one occasion, though I enjoyed looking at the girl, was enough to show the futility of life drawing as a means to stone carving. The girl was too full of irrelevancies, too many charming and seductive accidents of fleshly by-play, dimples and what-nots. Such things tend to obliterate and overcharge the simple notion which is the *raison d'être* of the work to be done—at least of the work I wanted to do. This wasn't any moral virtue on my part, but quite the contrary—a refusal to be waylaid by irrelevancies, and therefore a sheer panic and running away from what seemed a vista of uncontrollable complications.

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[1] But what a generous old boy and what a good story he told me about the wood-engravers of the 1860's. That it be not lost for ever, I must try to record it here. When I was a young man, he said, I used to have business with the illustrators and engravers and one day I was sent on some errand or other up to St. John's Wood. I didn't know my way to the house I was to go to and I found myself at the end of a lane going up between the bottoms of the gardens of the houses—one of which I wanted to get to. As I stood hesitating, I saw, a hundred yards or so up the lane, one of the back garden gates open and a man came out with a long coaching-horn. He raised it to his mouth and looking in my direction, blew a great blast on it. It couldn't be a summons to *me*, so I looked behind me and there was a public-house with a doorway facing up the lane, and as I looked the door opened and a man with a green baize apron on came out and made a sign of recognition to the man with the horn, and then went back into the pub. I went up to the man with the horn and asked my way and he told me the house I wanted was the very one whose garden he had come out of. So I followed him in and up the garden path to a veranda at the back of the house and up the veranda steps into the back drawing-room. There were the people I wanted to see. The room was empty of furniture but the floor was more or less covered with piles of wood blocks for engraving. There were no tables or chairs and the two or three engravers who were there working were working on tables made out of piles of wood blocks. Standing at their work with no apparatus but their gravers, their sand bags and their eye-glasses. Hundreds of wood blocks, hundreds of engravings—and on the floor hundreds of empty bottles—and as I stood there and discussed my business, the garden gate opened and in walked my man with the green baize apron carrying a tray with bottles of beer. He left them and departed. My business took a long time and presently down the garden again goes the man with the horn and again blows his blast. Soon again appears the man from the pub—and more bottles of beer. So, apparently it went on all day long and into the night. A St. John's Wood garden in the 1860's, engraving demanding drink, drink stimulating engraving—wood blocks and beer—an endless supply of both . . . until the photographer and the chemist destroyed the whole thing, took away their trade and destroyed the trade itself.

War

The worst burn is to come
Though countries blaze like bush—
One moment a green song,
The next a blackened hush.

What if the bush-fire's flames
Whirl like a high sun-spot,
By paddock suckling seed
Its roar is soon forgot!

But not by all, by all.
Some sod is deeper bound
Ah loam may cease to catch,
But peat burns underground.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

The Four Freedoms Ride Again

An isolationist tells us
what we are in for.

By **Frank Cullen Brophy**

AT LAST we have reached the point where plain speaking takes the place of the tortured arguments-in-reverse that have characterized the war debate in America. Within the week T. Swann Harding's excellent article, "Our Duty to Great Britain," in THE COMMONWEAL, and the frank editorial in the formerly isolationist *Saturday Evening Post* entitled "The Peril," have put America's rôle in the European war squarely before their readers. Mr. Harding describes the end of the war incubation period in America in these words: "We must quit dreaming, since we have made this our war, and act as though we meant business." The *Post* says it this way: "Now do we begin to see what the choice is. We shall have to make up our minds to go on and on at any cost, to reconquer Europe and destroy Hitler there, even with American man power—or turn back; and if we turn back, we shall be remembered forever as the Falstaff nation of the world boasting of a power it did not really possess. . . ." One wonders how the future historian will react when he studies this war in the cold perspective of time, and tries to visualize a nation already at war that, none the less, had to be aroused and told to "quit dreaming." Even the contemporary is intrigued when he ponders this situation. It is probable that this is the first time in history that a nation has dreamed itself into a war, even though sane men generally agree that modern warfare is a nightmare.

In spite of instantaneous transmission of news and all the complex apparatus of propaganda now available, there are still millions of Americans who have to be shouted at: "Wake up. We are in this war, and that means YOU." We seem to be a nation of somnambulists, wandering about in a dangerous world.

A year before war actually broke out in Europe, America's entry into the coming struggle for control of the undeveloped resources of Africa, Asia and Near East was being prepared by our government. These few summaries, gathered from a well known news source, illustrate what was then going on.

January 8, 1938: Hull, off-the-record, is talking discreetly to government men and other insiders, implying without specifically saying that the United States must prepare to come to grips with Japan and other aggressor nations.

February 26, 1938: There is division of high official counsels as to whether the President again ought to speak out against dictators. . . . The Ickes broadcast to the British (not broadcast in the United States) probably was a trial balloon, tacitly okeyed by Roosevelt.

September 24, 1938: "No matter what we may wish, the United States is involved." This, or things like this, is being said behind closed official doors. There is full recognition that popular sentiment is "hands off," but there is much opinion that sentiment is likely to shift.

February 4, 1939: Now a new element appears—suspicion of President's motives. The plain fact is that many members of Congress in both the parties suspect the President of welcoming a war crisis for third term reasons. It is disputable whether the suspicion is right or wrong.

April 1, 1939: His intimates say he has war always in his mind, that he seems to regard chances as "fifty-fifty." He gives the impression that he does not see how this country can stay neutral. White House is using the press to develop "awareness of war."

September 2, 1939: Now, before it is too late, is the time to say a few things about the public state of mind in the United States, the mass psychology, the influences at work to propagate ideas, to encircle our minds. . . . Thus our government can get us into war, stir up a sentiment for war, by cultivating the news and incidents which propagate the sentiment. Not deliberately, not seeking war, but "incidentally," step at a time, creating psychology, steering our minds toward war, making it plausible.

But even stranger than the realization that a major nation has dreamed itself into a major war and must now be waked up and told that it is a dream come true, is the fact that no one, either in England or America, knows what to say to the millions of apathetic Americans who simply roll over on the other side and mumble: "Go 'way. I want to sleep some more." What can you do with a man, or a nation for that matter, who acts like that? As both Mr. Harding and the editorial writer of the *Saturday Evening Post* have pointed out, it was not the English who have been saying that this is our war. It is Americans who have apparently talked us into this war, even though they may have been talking in their sleep. It is the English who now quite logically suggest that if it is our war, why don't we get busy and do something about it? The "give us the tools" phase is about over.

The slogan makers have been hard put to it to find an incantation that will arouse this sleeping beauty of the nations. In desperation they have

gone back to the charms their fathers used. We will make the world "safe for democracy"—again. But the difficulty they encounter is that too many people are extremely bored with democracy.

Consider the attitude of people who happened to be listening in on the Chicago Convention when the nomination of Henry Wallace for Vice-President was being crammed down the throats of the unwilling delegates. Most of them recognized this for what it was—phony democracy. Others, seeing pictures of Miss Perkins and high-minded emissaries of the New Deal lunching with Frank Hague and Boss Kelly, did not say: "How very, very democratic." The packing of the Supreme Court, the building of the world's largest bureaucracy, the accumulation of the greatest deficit of history are not the hallmarks of the democracy that the founders had left for posterity. Most Americans who received their education before the era of Professor Rugg still have a sneaking admiration for those outmoded democrats who designed the American plan of government; but they also are sadly aware this is now considered horse-and-buggy democracy. It would indeed be an anachronism for any true New Dealer to go to war to defend the democracy that Thomas Jefferson has defined in these words: "I wish an inviolable preservation of our present Federal Constitution according to the *true sense* in which it was adopted by the States. . . . I am for preserving to the States powers not yielded by them to the Union; and to the Legislature of the Union, its Constitutional share in the division of powers; and I am not for transferring all the powers of the States to the general government, and all those of the government to the Executive Branch . . . and I am not for linking ourselves by new threats with the quarrels of Europe; entering that field of slaughter to preserve their balance."

Attempt to explain

The President has made one clean-cut attempt to explain the basic reasons for our crusade to destroy Hitler. He has said we can and will, even in our own time and generation, fight to preserve the four freedoms. But without being actually facetious, he might just as well have urged America to defend the four winds. It would have been just as meaningful. Any one who has read the Good Book, or the plays of Shakespeare, recognizes that the human being never has been and in all likelihood never will be free from fear and free from want. Fear and want are as much a part of the universal scheme as love and death.

Freedom of speech and freedom of religion have existed in our country to a satisfactory extent, but until the year 1941, no American ever seriously put forth the idea that America was going to fight a war to give every other nation freedom of speech and freedom of worship. Even when the mass slaughter of the innocents occurred in Russia, and freedom of religion and freedom of speech were ruthlessly stamped out, America never thought of going to war with Russia. When freedom of worship was being denied to our neighbors in Mexico, it was not suggested that the people of the United States shed their blood so that Mexican churches might be opened again. This passion of America to act upon the evils of the world is a phenomenon in the story of the nations that has only occurred once before. In that instance, to be sure, it was in America that the phenomenon was found.

Of course, we are too close to the scene to speak with finality on any phase of this moral explosion that has twice shaken a nation singularly noted for its preoccupation with material accomplishments. In each instance it has followed upon an intensive treatment by British propagandists. Mr. Herbert Agar, a foremost interventionist, has commented on it, and has been quoted in effect as saying that we got into the war by a false formula for staying out of it, bewildered by the fact that American foreign policy was what the British Prime Minister said it was, what the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies said it ought to be, and finally, what the government said it was not.

So without knowing exactly what the democracy is that we are going to fight for and with a good deal of sensible evidence to demonstrate that the four freedoms are not to be found this side of paradise, America turns restlessly in her dreams, while the Prince Charming ponders the next move.

It is no easy job to be President in the government that is evolving in America. Much of the business has to be carried on in reverse, as it were. The Leader assumes his leadership under handicaps, since he must act with the finality and authority of the totalitarian, and yet not offend against the taboos that are relied upon in the folklore of democracy. The leader has his own choice that is influenced by his character and personal ambitions, but he must temper this, and even reject it on occasion, in order to meet the demands of whatever political situation the democratic part of his function requires. At this precise moment, when the main objective is to arouse the nation into a realization that it is at war, three opposing groups must be reckoned with.

Opposing groups

The first is made up of an assortment of Nordic-minded Anglophiles, traditionalists, romantics and upper-bracket Jews. These are the people who have promoted the war, and insist that the great somnolent masses recognize their accomplishment. Their numbers are small, but their wealth and influence is large. The President by temperament leans toward this group.

However, there are the New Dealers to be reckoned with. They want a war, but they insist on keeping it on a WPA basis. For eight years these people have grown and prospered on emergencies, and to them, the European war is the obvious emergency of this time. But wars are tricky things, since a defeat in the field could also mean a defeat for the bureaucracy. Therefore, from their point of view, the ideal war is one in which the ally accepts the Dunkirks, while we do the emoting and assuage our sense of national honor in the realization that we provide the tools. This theory has been glorified in the present American concept of the war of machines —the war of the production line.

The third and most unfortunate group is made up of the isolationists. These are the great unrealists. They still believe in the ideas and principles of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and they still hope to preserve the Western hemisphere as a sanctuary for humanity, where the noble ideals and aspirations of the American democracy might be revived and perpetuated. They seek no personal gain, and they would not buy an electorate, even if they could, for that in itself would defeat their main purpose. Accordingly, they have little to offer in a political sense, and nothing to conceal. They speak directly without innuendo or reversible meanings. This has become such a foreign thing to the electorate that the isolationists are incomprehensible to large groups of Americans. In less than two years their chief spokesman, who was the nation's number one hero, has descended in public estimation to the rank of a public enemy.

If Mr. Harding and the editor of the *Post* are correct, and we are at war, then the Leader must soon spend as much time planning military strategies abroad as he must spend on his political strategies at home. We have it on high government authority that we shall first defeat the Japanese. Since Japan has a navy of 265 battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers, et cetera, as compared with our 1940 navy of 316 such ships, it is reasonable to assume that we will have to partake first in a spirited naval engagement, which will probably occur some 7,000 miles from our shores. On the assumption that this engagement is successfully carried out, we must then land, one would think, at least a million well armed and fully equipped troops to occupy strategic points in the insular kingdom, Manchukuo, China, Indo-China, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

While this is being accomplished, another offensive must be directed towards the man whom destiny has appointed us to destroy. As a preparatory move to prevent retaliatory action on the Western hemisphere, we will first blast the French from Dakar, profiting, we hope, by the unfortunate experiences of our ally in this theater. We will then establish American bases along the bulge of West Africa. Since we cannot get our expeditionary forces under way before England may have lost the battle of the Mediterranean that is now in progress and since the Anglo-American dream of an alliance with Russia is over, we shall next join our ally in making the assault upon the shores of Europe from the Atlantic. On the assumption that the Germans, French, Italians and Spanish will unite to quarantine the aggressor from European soil, we can expect the combined armies of eight or ten million seasoned troops to be awaiting our arrival. The embattled British navy, and what is left of the American navy after its successful engagement with the Japanese fleet, should be able to cover the landing operations of the millions of men from America that will be required to carry on this enterprise. The combined merchant fleets of America and Great Britain—perhaps some 25 million tons when completely mobilized—should be adequate to carry on the service of supply over a vast expanse of ocean. America and England, with the food, metal and oil resources of the Western Hemisphere, will be pitted against Europe, with the less developed resources of Africa, Russia and the Near East. It will be a battle of the Titans. Finally, in some distant time, just as came that eerie silence that left the millions of fighting men shaken on November 11, 1918, there will come a day when the great crusade has ended.

> And behold, a pale horse, and he that sat upon him. His name was Death, and hell followed him, and power was given to him over the four parts of the earth to kill with sword, with famine and with death and with the beast of the earth.

When this has come to pass, and men look back and think of what they did to win the four freedoms and save the world for the democratic dream that Plato had explored so long ago, no one will even bother to write a play and call it "What Price Freedom."

Intimation of Doom

There is a glitter of terror on the world,
The brightness of the leaves before a storm.
The sun of this weird day has run to cover.
Silence of wind gives deafening alarm.
Something more terrible than death goes over.

What is this wingèdness of dark that dips
Out of Apocalypse?

Faces are lifted to a saffron sky.
What will rain down? The cowed earth holds its breath.
And each man knows what he would not repeat
In the last sound-proof cell of his retreat:
That good does not invariably triumph
This side of death.

JESSICA POWERS.

Civil Service and the TWU

What is the solution to labor grievances when government is the employer?

By **E. Harold Smith**

THE CURRENT DISPUTE between the City of New York and the Transport Workers Union has become a question of national importance. Both the city and the union recognize that the fundamental principle of the relation between civil service employees and the government is involved. The settlement that will be reached in this controversy therefore will be of vital concern to the entire nation. Although the subways have passed from private to public ownership, no change in union status is admitted by the officers of the Transport Workers Union. Several weeks ago the president of TWU declared emphatically that if it were right for private employers to bargain with their employees collectively, he knew of no reason why the government should not bargain with its employees collectively. On May 15 last the Greater New York Industrial Union Council, central labor body of the CIO unions, passed a resolution declaring that it was "astounded" by the Mayor's "stubborn refusal" to "carry over his philosophy of collective bargaining in private employment to the public enterprise of which he is now head." The Mayor, on the other hand, has asserted repeatedly that the law prevents the city from entering into contractual relations with the union.

The organization of the transport workers was begun in 1934, at which time the subways were under private management and long hours and low wages were the rule. Thousands of the employees were working from 65 to 72 hours a week. The hourly rate at one time had been as low as 33c an hour. The union was successful in obtaining for these workers a 40 to 48 hour week, and an hourly wage of 81c. Formerly many employees worked 365 days a year. The new union secured vacations with pay for many workers.

Since TWU's first international convention took place only three years ago and its subway workers have been employed by the city for only 10 months, it may be considered a very young organization of civil service employees. There are, however, unions of civil service employees that have had a much longer history. Three of them are to be found in the federal service of the United States. A brief account of these unions, with an indication of the technique they have employed to achieve their aims, should be useful in gaining a somewhat clearer understanding of the present problem. The National Federation of Federal Employees was organized in 1917, and was formerly an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, but it has been an independent union since 1932 with a claimed membership of 71,000. The American Federation of Government Employees, with 30,000 members, is an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, and was formed in 1932. In 1937 the third of these unions was organized by the Congress of Industrial Organization and it is now known as the United Federal Workers of America, claiming membership of 25,000. The declared objectives of these unions are in agreement and are twofold in nature: the welfare of the employees and the good of the service. Like unions in private industry, civil service employee organizations have been concerned with wages, hours and the adjustment of grievances.

In 1916 the salaries of federal government employees were substantially at the same level as in 1855, while the cost of living had tripled. Only Congress could remedy this condition. Through pressure brought to bear on this body, solely by the National Federation of Federal Employees between 1917 and 1919, a sum of something more than $40,000,000 was added to the annual budgets. In 1919 another increase was obtained. Thus (as a result of union efforts) 200,000 employees had their former pay increased threefold during one session of Congress. The union did not cease activity with the passage of the appropriation bill of 1919, but continued to guard these increases by constant vigilance until they became a permanent part of the base pay under the Classification Act of 1923. The three federal unions supported the Ramspeck Bill for a $1200 minimum wage for all government workers, but demanded a $1500 minimum as an objective.

Second only to wages is the concern of all unions with regard to hours of labor, and in this matter, the unions of government employees have been no exception. It was an attack on the seven-hour day for federal employees that furnished the impetus for organizing the National Federation of Federal Employees in 1917. In 1918 President Wilson vetoed the appropriation bill for the following year because it contained a rider lengthening the working day of federal employees from

seven to eight hours for the duration of the war. Again the organized federal employees had a share in securing this veto. The Jones-McCormack Act was passed in 1931, granting government employees a weekly half holiday on Saturday, and it was the efforts of the legislative committee of the National Federation of Federal Employees which were largely responsible for its passage.

Turkey and the United States were asserted to be the only two civilized countries in 1917 which had no systems of retirement for aged employees. The lack of such a system was proving costly to the United States. An investigating committee reported that some public employees were brought to their desks in wheel chairs; and one employee had no duties to perform because he was blind. As one Cabinet officer expressed it: "Enactments requiring those aged employees to be discharged are substantially repealed by the higher law of humanity." It was the National Federation of Federal Employees, however, that was almost solely responsible for the passage of a Retirement Act. With the help of its friends in Congress it was able to drive through both houses the Lehlback-Sterling Retirement Bill in 1920. "Nothing but organization could supply the coordination and discipline necessary for the successful appeal to Congress."

These three unions of federal employees have engaged in the work of adjusting grievances. Unlike the case of wages and hours, it is not so easy in this matter to point to specific achievements on the part of the unions. Furthermore, it was largely, although not solely, a legislative technique that was employed in the wage and hour accomplishments of the unions. The settlement of disputes between workers and supervisors is an administrative task, and it may be said that the accomplishments of the unions in this field have been substantial.

Students of government administration are agreed that with the possible exception of some of the provisions of the Retirement Act of 1920, all the measures for which the unions have contended have been well considered. The vast majority of the advantages that the employees have obtained by organization have redounded to the benefit of the public service as well. The increases in salary attributable to union pressure have maintained an efficient and loyal corps of government workers. The unions have served as a check on the inroads attempted on the merit system, and employee-manager negotiations have been facilitated and improved by machinery provided by the unions. Improvements in working conditions eventually redound as much to the advantage of the service as they do to that of the employees.

The evidence so briefly summarized in the preceding paragraphs would seem to indicate that the federal employee unions have been concerned with the same objectives as those of their organized fellow workers in private industry: namely, wages, hours and conditions of work. These employee organizations have always strenuously asserted that they are bona fide unions. Their right to a place in the ranks of the general labor movement in the United States has always been readily granted to them. Do they differ then from unions in private industry? If they do so differ, wherein does this difference lie?

The differences

The officials of these organizations of government employees have never attempted to cloak the fact that the difference between their unions and the unions of employees in private industry is a real one. This difference revolves primarily around the chief technique of labor unions in private industry, namely, collective bargaining. It may be freely admitted that this term is difficult and practically impossible to define. There are, however, certain elements to be found in the concept of collective bargaining that can be identified. Among these are bargaining for wages and hours with an organization operated for profit, and they presuppose the right of the employees to withhold their labor, or in other words to strike. This last named right has been foregone by all three major unions of federal employees. Each of these organizations has an explicit statement in its constitution to the effect that the strike as a weapon to achieve its aims will not be employed. Furthermore, in 1937 President Roosevelt wrote a letter to Luther Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, in which he expressed his views on this subject in the following terms:

> Particularly I want to emphasize my conviction that militant tactics have no place in the functions of any organization of government employees. Upon employees in the federal service rests the obligation to serve the whole people, whose interests and welfare require orderliness and continuity in the conduct of government activities. This obligation is paramount.

All three unions willingly accepted without delay this statement of President Roosevelt. Less than a month later Jacob Baker, president of the United Federal Workers of America, commented on this statement of the President of the United States in this manner:

> The right to strike has never been an issue, to my knowledge, in any organization of government employees. Every organization of federal employees has always specifically disclaimed the right to strike. The United Federal Workers of America understands and accepts this necessary limitation upon organized activity in the federal government.

The history of the three federal employee unions shows that they have scrupulously kept their activities within the limits laid down by their constitutions. The strike has never been an issue

in the federal civil service, and only one of these employee organizations, the American Federation of Government Employees, has actually experienced a strike. When members of a Detroit local who were engaged on a public health project struck in March, 1937, for higher wages and redress of certain grievances, the local was promptly expelled by the national organization for violating its constitution.

It may be stated here that apart from the Boston police strike in 1919 there have been no important strikes of public employees in any branch of government service in this country. There is no mistaking the fact that the temper of the citizens of the United States is definitely hostile to government employees resorting to strikes as a means to achieve their ends. The reason for this general feeling is not difficult to discover. While strikes of public employees are aimed at the administrators of departments, it is the people as a whole who are the victims of this technique. Hence unintentionally, but actually none the less, it is the welfare of the people that is jeopardized.

Bargaining for wages and hours with an organization operated for a profit motive is an element likewise absent from civil service union technique. Even the possibility of collective bargaining seems to have been ruled out by a statement of President Roosevelt in the letter to which reference has already been made. The President wrote:

> All government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining as usually understood cannot be transplanted into the public service. It has its distinct and insurmountable limitations when applied to public personnel management. The very nature and purposes of government make it impossible for administrative officials to represent fully or to bind the employer in mutual discussions with government employee organizations. The employer is the whole people, who speak by means of laws enacted by their representatives in Congress. Accordingly administrative officials and employees alike are governed and guided and in many instances restricted by laws which establish policies, procedures or rules in personnel matters.

As in the case of the President's judgment on strikes in the government service, his statement regarding collective bargaining in civil service employee unions met with ready acceptance. These organizations did not show at that time, nor have they shown since, any disposition to dispute the President's conclusion. In fact, Luther Stewart, president of the National Federation of Federal Employees, used even more vigorous language in rejecting collective bargaining as part of a government union's technique. At the twenty-ninth annual Civil Service Assembly he declared:

> There must be definite recognition of the fact that in public service, unlike private employment, there can be no such thing as collective bargaining. Negotiations yes; conference yes; presentation of group or individual cases for adjustment of compensation or other conditions; and the very important legislative field where the employees' viewpoint may be presented in connection with legislative proposals which they feel would be detrimental to their interests.

This statement assumes additional weight when it is recalled that the distinguished and statesmanlike leadership that Luther Stewart has furnished the National Federation of Federal Employees for more than twenty years is acknowledged in both government and labor circles.

In any discussion of unions of government employees, collective bargaining rarely receives more than a passing consideration from the union leaders. For them it has had no practical significance. The most thorough examination this process of unionism in its relation to public service unions ever underwent was probably a panel discussion which took place at the Civil Service Assembly meeting in 1937. Yet even there the ranking union leaders were loath to allow this question to assume any great proportions. Gertrude McNally, secretary-treasurer of the National Federation of the Federal Employees (whose name, William Green once declared, no longer signified a person but an institution and a history of organized labor in this country), dismissed the subject by stating that she did not consider the term collective bargaining important in the public service unions. Abraham Flaxer, vice-president of the State, County and Municipal Workers of America, defined "collective bargaining" as a meeting of management and employees to advance the ends of both. This is clearly not the same concept denoted by the words in private industry.

Students of public administration agree almost unanimously that collective bargaining does not exist in the public service. Presley Melton states the case as follows:

> Wages and hours of federal practice are for the most part not subjects for collective bargaining, being beyond the control of heads of executive departments.

Leonard White, one of the chief authorities in this field, summarizes the situation in this manner:

> On issues of pay, hours and working conditions public employee groups often "bargain" with members of the legislative bodies; but these negotiations are different in principle from those which prevail in industry. In the latter case, the workers may abstain from work, and do; in the former case, they usually renounce voluntarily such means of bargaining and confine themselves to representations and negotiations.

The history of the three major unions among federal employees, as well as the statements of union leaders, points to the conclusion that genuine collective bargaining has not taken place between the government and the unions. Evidence appears to be lacking which would show that employee organizations have ever considered this matter as vital. Government workers cannot bargain collectively with the administrative heads of departments because the employer in question is the

whole nation, of whom Congress is the representative. The management, on the other hand, cannot bind the employees to conditions, particularly to those having to do with wages and hours. The administrator as well as the employee is subject to the limitations of the legislative power of the federal government. If negotiations between management and employees, however, result in an agreement for further appropriations, there is good reason for saying that Congress will grant the increase. Hence the limitations on collective bargaining in the civil service must not be expanded to the breaking point. The employee unions clearly recognize the impossibility of collective bargaining in the usual sense of the words. They have, however, been able to maintain their status as bona fide unions without it; and achieved their ends by other means. It is this last named fact, particularly, that is frequently lost sight of by those who are most insistent on the limitation aspect of unions of government workers.

TWU in this light

What light, it may be asked, does the history of federal employee unions shed on the present transit situation in New York City? Are city civil service employees' relations to the city analogous to federal employees' relations to the nation? So far in the controversy there seems no reason to deny this analogy. Union officials have appealed to the Tennessee Valley Authority as a federal project that grants collective bargaining rights to its employees. It is true that the statement of employee-management policy under the TVA uses the words "collective bargaining." Examination of what is meant by these words, however, shows that collective bargaining as employed in private industry is not implied. Leonard White describes the situation as follows:

> Public service negotiations are not identical with collective bargaining in industry, notably in view of the absence of the power to withhold work. At the same time a form of collective bargaining peculiar to the public service is arising. One of the most noteworthy examples is being found in the Tennessee Valley Authority.

This is an accurate statement of the type of collective bargaining, or system of better negotiations, that has found its way into the TVA labor policy. In other words, the record to date shows no instance in the federal service where federal employee unions have demanded, much less exercised, the right of genuine collective bargaining.

The City of New York, specifically its Mayor and Board of Transportation, contend that renewal of the contracts the TWU held with the private subway owners is impossible under the Wicks Law. It has been implied, on the union side, that if the courts uphold the City's view of the meaning of the law, public opinion will force a change in the law. Here the question arises—what law can be formulated that will give civil service employees the right of true collective bargaining (including, by necessity, the right to strike), and at the same time safeguard the sovereignty of the state or government? Can a group of citizens, a union of government employees, be accorded the right to strike against the whole body of citizens, for example the city, without opening the way to anarchy? It is apparent that these questions must be faced squarely if a definite solution to this problem is to be found.

Certain conclusions emerge from this extremely brief treatment of a question that has assumed major proportions. It is sometimes too lightly asserted that if the civil service were properly conducted there would be no need for employee unions. This view is unrealistic and totally without basis in fact. Certainly in the federal service there has been no evidence to indicate that the government is a model employer. Practically all the measures that have benefitted government employees in the past twenty years were initiated by organized groups of employees. The unions, furthermore, afford channels for the interchange of ideas between management and employees. Personnel directors frequently stress this aspect of employee organization. This phase of union activity in the years ahead will very likely outstrip in importance the legislative technique of public service unions. One can very well agree with the charge made by the unions that part of the opposition to organization among civil service workers comes from persons hostile to organized labor in any form. If this group attempts to utilize the present dispute between the TWU and New York City to attack employee unions in general or unions of civil service workers in particular, it may safely be predicted that informed public opinion will rally to support the right of public service employees to their own bona fide unions. If, on the other hand, the TWU refuses to face the fact that the rights of unions in the public service and those in private industry are not identical, the loss of prestige to organized labor that may ensue will more than counterbalance the considerable accomplishments the Transport Workers Union achieved while the subways were under private ownership.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE CLOUD of rumors which were spread throughout the world in advance of the Pope's Pentecostal radio speech to the effect that the speech would be an urgent plea for an immediate, negotiated peace is not borne out by the text of the message. Nevertheless, in substance, in its strongest intention, in its very spirit, the Pope did plead for peace. How could he do otherwise? For that

is his special mission on earth. That the propaganda forces of the warring nations will strive to utilize the Pope's words to the advantage of their own side is, of course, to be expected. The devil's ability to wrest the texts of Holy Writ to his own advantage is proverbial, and the diabolical spirit of nazi philosophy sedulously attempts to do the same thing. So we may fully expect to have parts of the Papal appeal twisted and perverted to sustain the nazi gospel, while all the rest of it, including the fundamental principles and applications of those basic truths will be ignored.

For it is quite true that the Pope in his reaffirmation of the teachings of the Church laid down by Pope Leo XIII fifty years ago, and reiterated by Pope Pius XI ten years ago, points out the fatal weakness in the social system of the democratic nations that undermined the moral loyalty of countless millions of people in all the democratic countries—or those more or less democratic—to their own form of civilization and prepared the way for the invasion of the new barbarians. The general neglect of justice—the simultaneous encouragement of greed: those were the roots of the cancer that ate into the whole organism of humanity, and weakened it and poisoned it so that the toxins of disease so darkened its mental processes that the leader and legislators for generations prepared the way for the actual war and revolution which now have come to complete the slow process of social sickness. It has been the lot of the contemporary leaders of the democracies, as belatedly they have faced up to the task of preserving our threatened civilization, to act as their forerunners did—"too little and too late."

However, it is not upon the weakness and faults of society that the Pope lays most stress; those are most evident, indeed, and must of course be faced and if possible mastered; nor is it upon the war as such that he bids Catholics concentrate their attention; it is rather upon the gigantic tasks that must be tackled after the war, amid whatever ruins are left, that he calls for our cooperation, and these tasks, evidently, must be world-wide in their range. It is nothing less than a reallocation of the populations of the world that seems to be required, in a new order the spirit of which has little in common with that of master races and militaristic élites, and which to be successful will require from democratic peoples a far greater and deeper spirit of human brotherhood than the best of modern nations has so far displayed, save perhaps in aspiration. Not the mere preservation of bourgeois comfort and ever-mounting "standards of living" for favored nations, but a veritable ministration on the part of the more fortunate to the less fortunate, of the stronger to the weaker, with the main task of humanity directed toward the alleviation of the lot of the poor and the humble and the weak.

It is a world revolution of charity to which the Pope calls the Christian peoples of the world, and with them all who will accept and cooperate with the truly Christian spirit—the rights and duties and dignities of all human persons safeguarded and fostered; true cooperation of family life and organized groups with governments, but the governments never permitted to usurp tyrannical authority. "These are the principal concepts of man, beloved children," said the Pope, "with which we should wish even now to share in the future organization of that new order which the world expects and hopes will rise from the seething ferment of the present struggle to set the peoples at rest in peace and justice."

It is indeed a world revolution to which the Pope calls us; but it is not a new one; it began with the foundation of the Church nearly two thousands of years ago; but now it faces Christians more intensely than ever before.

The Stage & Screen

The End of "Tobacco Road"

THE CLOSE last week of "Tobacco Road" after a New York run of seven years and a half is a new mark in theatrical engagements. It is more than eight hundred performances ahead of "Abie's Irish Rose." The reasons for the extraordinary run of the Erskine Caldwell play are many, but when they are all given the secret still is there. "Tobacco Road" has a certain appeal as a folk play. It possesses characters whom some have denominated salty and others rancid, it has undeniable humor and a great deal of lubricity. These might have accounted for a season's run, perhaps for two seasons', but not surely for seven years and a half. Then it was cheap to produce. There was only one actor who was paid any salary to speak of; there was only one set, which kept to the minimum the stage crew. Moreover it is no secret that of recent years there were many weeks when the box-office chalked up a loss, this being put down to advertising for the road companies. But these weeks of losses were more than paid for by the profitable weeks, even at the low prices charged during the last three years. But all these put together don't add up in any rational accounting for seven years and a half of continuous performances. No, the success of "Tobacco Road" is a mystery which will never be explained, another of those mysteries which make the theatre so unutterably incalculable.

That its stupendous run is any credit either to the taste or the moral sense of the public is much to be doubted. Indeed despite a certain verity in some of the scenes, the whole play is aimed at the baser elements of human nature and is expressive of them. It is idle to hold that the play has any curative value. Its picture of the Georgia cracker is sordid indeed, but somehow the effect it leaves is rather that of amusement than horror—that is, to the average unthinking theatre-goer. It is understood that Mr. Caldwell insists that his play is a moral lesson, but if that was his intention, he certainly hasn't underlined the moral. His people are animals, or rather lower than animals, but nowhere does the dramatist show any conviction that there is much that is reprehensible in his human zoo. We are told to regard them, to laugh with them and at them, to be amused with their antics, as we are amused with the antics in the monkey-house, but not in the least to wish they were any different any more than if they were monkeys.

It is to the credit of the New York drama critics that almost to a man they denounced the spirit of the play, and it is a pity that one or two of them have since somewhat back-tracked. "Tobacco Road," despite its undeniable humor, was always offensive to good taste and good morals, and its popular success makes this offense only the more mordant. That it is at last with us no more is a matter of congratulation. It was produced at a period when smut was more often seen on the stage than it is now. The great Goddess Lubricity no longer flaunts herself as she did in the twenties and the early thirties. Life has become too serious for the snicker at the unutterably dirty. We are living in a cleaner age. It surely was time for "Tobacco Road" to take itself and its uncleanliness away.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Whooo Stole My Heart Away

MUSICAL COMEDIES have never been famous for their intelligent or absorbing plots, but the vacuum of their stories becomes doubly vacuous (if that's possible) when they are made over into movies. *"Sunny,"* the latest of the musical hits from the good old days to undergo metamorphosis, almost vanishes into thin air when transcribed into cinema. Pretty Anna Neagle, who deserted her serious Queen Victoria and Nurse Cavell rôles for bewitching Irene and fluffy Nanette, now brings us sweet Sunny Sullivan, another steno's dream girl. To Jerome Kern's fine music (and you're never given a chance to forget that "Who" is the big song of the show), Sunny sings, dances and romps her merry and unemotional way through the inconsequential plot. Producer-director Herbert Wilcox, who seems to be fascinated by these musical comedies of the '20s, doesn't mean for us to look too carefully at "Sunny." The old story about the circus girl who is not accepted by her wealthy fiancé's family is pervaded by the "Dreams I know will never come true" line from "Who." Although tons of confetti mess up the long, elaborate, expensive mardi gras scenes, Ray Bolger's excellent dancing peps up the conventional acts. And while Sunny's wedding is hardly the time for Paul and Grace Hartman to do their roughneck versions of Terpsichore, these two save the picture from going too stuffed-shirt when Frieda Inescort, Helen Westley and Edward Everett Horton go through their same old routines. John Carroll looks and sings well in his first big-time lead; someone should have told him not to smile quite so much. "Sunny" does manage to provide some entertainment; but I guess the trouble with movies is that they glare too closely at the emptiness of an old musical comedy without giving us anything in exchange for its tawdry glamor or beauty-in-the-flesh.

In spite of having a clever idea behind it, *"Million Dollar Baby"* doesn't come off. It's about an irascible, wealthy old woman (May Robson) who gives away a million dollars as conscience money. Priscilla Lane is the lucky receiver, or unlucky as it turns out because it seems that Priscilla's "boy friend," Pianist Ronald Reagan, will have none of the million; and anyway Priscilla, a vegetable-knife demonstrator at Lacey's, just isn't conditioned to know what to do with a million dollars. Even after May Robson's six-months making-over course, our pretty, blond heroine only wants her Ronald and will not substitute the nice, dull, even more wealthy Jeffrey Lynn whom Miss Robson had in mind. Director Curtis Bernhardt should have been able to do something new and clever with all this, but somehow it's never very funny or moving—well, it does move cinematically; characters rush like mad throughout it and the theme song, "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," races through most of the scenes. There are many too many wisecracks, so many in fact that the characters never talk; they just crack wise. Perhaps René Clair could have done something with the idea—or Preston Sturges, if he'd make the whole thing over. And certainly Bill Saroyan could have disposed of that million with a little more imagination that Priscilla uses.

My! What a nice boy has been made of *"Billy the Kid."* You'd never believe that he once had a reputation as a very, very wicked man who killed people and stole cattle when you see this latest ficto-facto romance about him. And don't take any stock in the introduction to this drama of the '80s when it says that this is one man's "violent hour of defiance" before law and order marched into the West. Unshaven, handsome Robert Taylor as Billy Bonney (or "Mr. Beeley Keed" as his favorite Mexican singer calls him) and tough Brian Donlevy, as his old pal, Jim, are just a couple of sentimental buddies who love to reminisce over their former daring and thefts —of cake! Rich ranchowner Ian Hunter makes it very clear that Billy has a slightly distorted sense of justice because his father was cruelly shot in the back. And the rich ranchowner's sister, Mary Howard, explains that most men are really gentle "underneath." First the James Brothers were exculpated and glorified by Hollywood; and now it's Billy who's the kidder. In fact the picture spends so much time whitewashing Bill that you almost think it's a travelogue with beautiful Western scenery done in bright technicolor. Of course Director David Miller finally sees to it that Gene Fowler's cosy screenplay does more than just talk about this country that's bristling with six-shooters and Winchesters. After a seemingly endless wait, comes the finale and the whooping-it-up in which quick-trigger Bill shoots all the real villains. Then Pal Jim, because law and order *have* just marched in, shoots Bill—whitewashing or no whitewashing. Someone should have invited Ethel Merman to sing "Let's Be Buddies."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Trials

Darkness At Noon. Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.50.

I FEEL unable to agree with those who call this book a good novel. It lacks in epic style, in poetry, in abundance of vision. I don't even like to accept the assumption of the author that he was writing a novel. This is just a psychological study of the strange Moscow trials. Only instead of the real characters who were victims to Stalin's propaganda condemnations, Koestler for reasons of simplification presents one fictitious figure,

a typical old revolutionary, persecuted by Stalin and his GPU. This study is done with a clever mind, fond of sophistry and intellectual subtlety. In this respect it is a noteworthy commentary to the politics of our times and should not be neglected by future historians. The book is written in a nihilistic, gloomy mood. A materialistic and atheistic atmosphere is the hopeless *milieu* in which the story is set; future generations, no doubt, will wonder whether its cynic wretchedness can go further or is the high point of desolation among men who have lost the knowledge of God. People of a coming religious century who read such books of our times as Valtin's "Out of the Night" and its counterpart Koestler's "Darkness at Noon" will certainly be convinced we lived in hell.

The story opens in 1938 with the arrest of old Rubashov who has dedicated himself for forty years to the Bolshevik revolution. He became critical of Stalin's leadership, but his criticism remained in an abstract sphere; he never did anything in the poison plot alleged against him by the prosecution. But the clique around Stalin wants just such sturdy crimes, committed by prominent persons, to convince the masses that strong dictatorship is necessary. Step by step the investigation lures Rubashov into a feeling of repentence for having endangered the blind discipline and absolute trust the dictator needs. And at the end it does no longer sound absurd that the accused, without hope either for this or for another life, does not care to fight against his "liquidation" and agrees to plead guilty for actions never committed. MAX FISCHER.

PHILOSOPHY

This Way Happiness. Ethics: the Science of the Good Life. Charles P. Bruehl. Bruce. $2.50.

MANY with experience in classroom reaction to the teaching of ethics have felt that the subject has suffered from a type of treatment that might be called Euclidean. In the very first chapter of his "Nichomachean Ethics," Arisotle says: ". . . for an educated person will expect accuracy in each subject only so far as the nature of the subject allows; he might as well accept probable reasoning from a mathematician as require demonstrative proofs from a rhetorician."

The Scholastic has too often been accused of making mathematics out of morals. In this practical branch of our philosophy we are dealing with the concrete acts of human beings. Our ethical principles are universal and invariable, but they must be poured into the concrete moulds of the individual. *Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem.* No act is exactly the same when done by two different people. The circumstances of emotion, fear, background, etc., are part of the human act.

It is refreshing, therefore, to find Dr. Bruehl's volume an antidote to the over-emphasis on the geometric element in some treatises on Scholastic morality. With due regard to the strong deductive character of our ethics, the author succeeds in his effort to "unstiffen ethical teaching and recast it in a less rigid mould." The very title "This Way Happiness" is apt, for it brings out the real aim of morality. The volume is readable and attractive, and it is cast in nontechnical language that makes it understandable to the average intelligent reader. There is hope that it may reach those whom Archibald MacLeish has called the "irresponsible," the relativists whose denial of absolute values has distorted the whole concept of good and evil. Dr. Bruehl presents in a charming and effective way the anchorage that is Scholasticism.

Our enthusiasm for this scientific popularization of a most vital subject is not dimmed by two minor defects. We regret the absence of a discussion of such important topics as the morality of strikes and the scant treatment of sterilization and euthanasia. Certainly the general reader migh reasonably expect such material. Further, we question the wisdom of the inclusion of some of the volumes in the bibliography. Despite the warning "Books here listed are by no means recommended," the uninformed may be misled by such titles as Dixon's "The Human Situation." Despite the scholarly brilliance of these Gifford lectures on immortality, an asterisk is suggested to assist the untrained to separate the chaff of Dixon and Spencer from the wheat "Morals Makyth Man" and "The Moral Universe." JOSEPH N. MOODY.

POETRY

Open House. Theodore Roethke. Knopf. $2.00.

THE POET'S lot is an unhappy one: if he claims he is saint, he is presumptuous; if he blows a prophet's horn, he remains alone; but should he be so brave as to leave ajar the door of his confessional, he becomes the most unguarded soul of all. In "Open House," a first volume, Mr. Roethke begins quite fearlessly,

> I am naked to the bone
> With nakedness my shield.
> Myself is what I wear:
> I keep the spirit spare . . .

and immediately is recognizable the "metaphysical" lament; for in his own personal confinement, Mr. Roethke side tracks any self-revealing which might prove too hazardous for the intellect, too indecorous for the eye. In others words, despite the promise of his introductory poem, his revelation is not complete; it embodies a caution which is at the core of his poetic impulse. This caution the poet knows too well, for he warns in "Prognosis," "O see the fate of him whose guard was lowered . . ." At times he tires of his restraint and cries,

> I hate my epidermal dress,
> The savage blood's obscenity,
> The rags of my anatomy,
> And willingly would I dispense
> With false accoutrements of sense . . .

But it must not be assumed that Mr. Roethke has been concerned totally with anesthetic introversions. He has included some genuine nature poems which show a refreshing—almost childlike—curiosity for the outdoors; there is an hypnotic venom in his fascinating bits of domestic macabre; and in a liberal lyric, "O My Sister," there bursts forth brilliantly a radiant genius.

That Theodore Roethke is blessed with a noble gift there can be no doubt; but one is certain that the poet has tapped only a vein of his talents. Once he shows more willingness to expose his true self more courageously in form and content he will attain a great stature.

STEPHEN BALDANZA.

WAR

Axis America. Robert Strausz-Hupé. Putnam. $2.50.
Under The Iron Heel. Lars Moën. Lippincott. $2.75.

"AXIS AMERICA" should be of great interest especially to those who even now fail to see that the threat of nazi aggression is not primarily a military matter. The author has made a valuable contribution to a much needed further enlightenment of public opinion in this country by making available a comprehensive selection of nazi opinion on the United States. From this survey it appears that in Germany this country does not receive a very high rating for political, economic and social stability. It does not matter whether the things the nazi press prints about the United States are correct or not. Important merely is the fact that many people in Germany are made to believe that here are good descriptions of conditions in this democracy.

Of even greater interest is the account of the ways in which national and racial rivalries in this country are utilized by methods of propagandistic infiltration to paralyze the American people and make it incapable of political action. The author could have included additional interesting chapters if he had ventured beyond the spheres of anti-Semitism and the German and Italian groups in this country in his exploration of areas of tension and attempted disorganization.

"Under the Iron Heel" is a readable eyewitness account of what happened in Belgium immediately before and after the invasion in 1940. Of particular interest is the reference to the fact that Flemish oppositionists, i.e., Belgian citizens, were trained in Germany as parachutists and were used in that capacity during the assault. The author mentions circumstantial evidence proving that an attempt to invade England was made early last fall. Similar stories have been published recently in magazines. I would accord to these reports a high amount of probability. The fact that the British government did not mention officially the failure of the invasion attempt may be due to that great enigma, British psychology. Perhaps the government felt that if they announced an invasion attempt was stopped in its tracks a renewed spell of complacency would spread, even in the face of bombings. Of course all this is conjectural. But Moën's book increases our curiosity about what really happened in September, 1940, along the French and Belgian invasion coast. F. BAERWALD.

BRIEFERS

Where to Eat, Sleep and Play in the USA. Garden City. $1.50.

THE "Traveler's Windfall Association, Inc.," has compiled this guide to hotels, restaurants and resorts the country over. In almost every case a little quotation is given from some one of the collaborators, who has personally visited the "spot" and therefore can base his or her recommendation on experience. Seems excellent.

The Lutheran Hymnal. Concordia Publishing House. $2.00.

HERE is an opportunity to dilate upon the liturgical beginnings and the modern practices of the Lutheran Church which, like the Anglican Church, has spread into many lands. This admirable "Book of Common Prayer" and music combined is worthy of high commendation. It officially replaces that of 1912.

The 644 hymns are all good and are drawn from British (including Welsh, Scottish and Irish) sources as well as from American and Canadian, while the excellent tunes are by American, British, German, Scandinavian, Italian, Dutch, Hebrew, Polish, Russian and Slovak composers, constituting a very galaxy of talent.

The book must have absorbed many, many hours of painstaking study and care. It may not be generally

known that the Lutheran liturgy is almost a facsimile of the Roman rite, with the complete propers of the Mass retained, while an admirable selection of psalms and canticles completes this new "Common Service Book," as it is called. It is good to learn that plain chant is the official music of the Lutheran Church as it is of the Anglican and our own Catholic Church. The last fifty years of research in the field of Gregorian music have produced some marvelous results, as is evidenced by our Vatican Gradual and Antiphoner. Yet the authors here have not taken advantage of this veritable storehouse of authentic information, which would have added very materially to the first 157 pages of this publication. Catholic pastors can find much of interest in this carefully edited volume.

The Soong Sisters. Emily Hahn. Doubleday. $3.00.

A TYPICALLY feminine triptych of the celebrated Soong sisters which tells with the vivid chattiness of personal recollection the stories of these women as enacted against the background of the Boxer rebellion, the revolution and the Japanese war. These three sisters personify the levels of Chinese life—Madam Kung is the wife of China's foremost capitalist, H. H. Kung; Madam Sun of Sun Yat-Sen, the father of the revolution; Madam Chiang of Chiang Kai-Shek, the generalissimo of the army of the united front. Today, all three are living under the same roof, symbolizing the united China that is the bulwark against fascism in the Far East.

The Inner Forum

THE NATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS, held every three years in this country, will in 1941 replace the thirty-fifth International Congress scheduled for Nice, France, but cancelled because of the war.

Already 130 Archbishops and Bishops and 10 Abbots have accepted Archbishop Murray's invitation to convene in the Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Of the Archbishops and Bishops, 95 will come from cities in the US, 10 from Canada, 5 from Mexico, and 1 each from China and Jamaica. Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia has been appointed Papal Legate to the Congress.

It is expected that some 450,000 people will attend this ninth National Eucharistic Congress to be held at the Minnesota State fair grounds, and special trains (one carrying 600 priests from Chicago alone) have been scheduled to facilitate the transportation of the multitude. Provision is being made to acquire the services of competent caterers who will provide eating facilities for 125,000 daily visitors and thus assure more than just sufficient food.

There will be no direct financing, since the bulk of the necessary funds is expected to come from the sale of official emblems for which a charge of 50 cents will be made. There will be no direct solicitation of funds regardless of the nature or sale of admission tickets, and the slogan is: "All events are open to the public at no cost."

A new feature will be introduced this year in the form of special sectional meetings for joint groups of Catholic employers and employees, and 15 Archbishops and 58 Bishops (chosen from the 150 prelates) will preside. These meetings will be held in buildings named after deceased

bishops of the Archdiocese of St. Paul. On Tuesday, June 24, Bishop Sheil of Chicago will preside and Bishop Bergan of Des Moines will speak. A discussion of the theme "Christ Glorified in the Sacrifice of Employers" will be under the direction of Bishop Ritter of Indianapolis.

During the evening of the same day, Archbishop Stritch of Chicago will preside over the employee sectional meetings. An address will be given by Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh, and Bishop Duffy of Buffalo will lead a discussion on the theme "Christ Glorified in the Sacrifice of the Laborer." His Excellency the Most Reverend Amleto G. Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the US, will celebrate a special midnight Mass at the close of the same day.

The most important outdoor event will be the great Eucharistic procession to be held on Thursday, June 26. Following a radio address by Pope Pius XII from the Vatican, assembled units will proceed from St. Andrew's Church in St. Paul through Como Park to the Eucharistic Center, where the Papal Legate will officiate at the closing Benediction service and bestow the Papal blessing.

In case of rain, special capes of transparent material will be provided to protect the magnificent vestments and various religious articles to be used in the outdoor services.

Youth activities will include daily Pontifical Masses, Holy Hours and dinner meetings. Youth groups will also participate in the main Congress functions, including both liturgical and civic receptions for the Papal Legate and the final procession to the Eucharistic Center for the closing Congress ceremonies. In addition, more than 1500 Boy Scouts are being trained for special service and they will be expected to hold themselves ready to administer first aid to emergency cases.

Two unusual events will form part of the general activities of the Congress. A Pontifical High Mass will be said according to the Maronite Rite, with a choir composed of singers from Maronite parishes in the Twin Cities, who will sing in their native Syriac.

Another Pontifical Mass in the Byzantine-Slavonic rite will be among the principal ceremonies. The celebrant is expected to be Bishop Basil Takach, of the Pittsburgh Greek rite. Visiting Greek rite priests will assist as ministers at the Mass, and Bishop Bohachevsky of the Philadelphia Ukrainian Greek diocese plans to attend. Music of the ancient Slavonic liturgy will be furnished by the choir from St. John's Greek Catholic Church, Minneapolis.

CONTRIBUTORS

William M. AGAR is teaching at Columbia University and devoting much effort to arousing American opposition to the spread of totalitarianism.

Eric GILL before his death finished his autobiography (mentioned in Donald Attwater's article on Gill in THE COMMONWEAL, Jan. 24, 1941). Here is a fair sample of his last book. It is not "refined," he says.

Eileen DUGGAN is a New Zealand poet, who has published a number of volumes of verse.

Frank Cullen BROPHY is a rancher, banker, business man from Phoenix, Ariz., who feels strongly about the present crisis.

Jessica POWERS is a Wisconsin poet who recently published "The Lantern Burns."

Rev. E. Harold SMITH made a special study of labor problems at the Catholic University. He is now stationed in the Bronx, N. Y.

Max FISCHER was a pre-Hitler German newspaper man.

Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is on the faculty at Cathedral College, New York.

Stephen BALDANZA is teaching English at Pennsylvania State College.

F. BAERWALD teaches in the Graduate School of Fordham University.